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A Midnight Vision.

It was the last hour of the passing year, and from the slumbering village, nestling in the hearts of the hills, to the lone summit on which I stood there floated through the moonlit air the chimes of the eleventh hour. Around me all was bright and radiant; below me the base of the hill was merged in a profound impenetrable gloom; in the village light and shade alternated from the brilliance of a silver flood to the cloud of a darkness made more dense. The skies were the skies of noon—a wonderful blue, studded with fleecy white, made glorious by a full and perfect moon. On the lake beyond quivered a long aisle of light, and from the further shore dark and indistinct save where a few groups of scattering moonbeams strayed loomed large the ancient hills. Over the hills and the lake hovered Solitude with peaceful wings outspread, and through the village her twin-sister Silence passed with noiseless tread.

Amidst all the beauty and mystery of the night I stood, and as I gazed at the lake which had 'bared its bosom to the moon,' again and yet again thoughts, often far 'too deep for tears,' came into my mind unbidden and unsought. At last, overcome with the unearthly grandeur, I turned away, and, as I did so, I saw, as one in a vision might see, a large cloud descending rapidly from the starry vault. Swiftly and ever more swiftly it came towards me, and when it neared the earth it suddenly opened, and a company of radiant spirits appeared in its midst. It came still nearer, until it disappeared as suddenly as it had descended, and that spirit band stood upon the earth.

They advanced towards the hill on which I stood, and I stepped aside so that I might feast my eyes on this unwanted glory. Each one was clad in spotless white. Some had the form of men and some the . . . of women; some were young and some were old; all had the appearance of angels. At the head of the host was one of kindly mien, who was as a victor passing from triumph unto triumph. They were divided into twelve companies, and at the head of each of these was a spirit more glorious than they who composed it, but whose glory was not the glory of the royal leader. The first was a ruddy youth in the exultant pride of manly strength; the second was a woman, whose face expressed confidence and trust; the third a man in the full prime of life, well able to withstand the storm winds of trouble and trial; at the head of the fourth was a maiden—'a gentle maiden with a graceful brow'—with eyes full of tenderness that ever seemed trembling on the border-land of tears; the fifth and sixth were also maidens, the one fair as a bearer of promises the other with bright blue eyes and waving golden hair. Then followed a woman in the full pride of her beauty, her promises fulfilled and her joy realized. A gentle youth, with a fair and delicate countenance, and the eyes of a dreamer, preceded a matron who seemed to sorrow for the years of her beauty fleeting or fled. The last three were men, one who was passing from his prime into the first downward decade, one who was growing enfeebled with the ever-increasing load of years, and



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old year laid upon the portals of the past

A trembling hand,
And said, 'Oh, let me die and be at rest
Within the misty land!'

Then all the years that lived and died before

Reached forth, and drew the wanderer
safe within the door.

The New Year laid upon the portals of to-day

A firm young hand
And said, 'Oh, let me come and live and work

Within thy shining land!'
Then all the years that are to be replied,
'This is your world,' and drew the youth inside.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler, in 'Lippincott's Magazine.'

the last one a tottering greybeard, bowed by the cold frost of age.

Each company consisted of thirty or thereabouts, and, to a certain extent, they each had the appearance of their respective leaders, but, to a certain extent only, for in some cases there was great diversity indeed. The whole host was swiftly advancing, and in the silvery moonlight, under the starry sky, through the silent night, their radiant forms produced an effect of ineffable majesty and splendor. They had now passed beyond me,

and, as I turned to again behold them ere they were lost to mortal sight, I saw them stand still, as if in expectation, beside the margin of the lake.

Then on the brightening crest of the dark hills appeared the figure of an old man, white-haired, bent, and tottering. A long grey beard reached to his middle, and he leaned heavily upon a solitary attendant who seemed almost as weary and feeble as he. Their robes once white, were stained with the dust of the way. The two came over the hills, and slowly des-

ended to the shore of the lake by a narrow winding path. When they drew near to the waiting host the old man stopped and the young leader stepped to his side. They gazed into each other's faces, and the old man weeping slowly continued his way. At the same moment through the silent air rang out the midnight chimes. The old man gathered his robes more closely round him and strove to hasten on more swiftly. The spirit-bands marched forward with glowing faces and with hearts elate, and ere the twelfth chime died away the old and the young were lost to sight and a new day woke bringing a glad new year. —H. B. T., in 'Great Thoughts.'

Yule-Log Chips.

Nothing beautifies or makes a gift more welcome than to have it show thoughtfulness and discrimination.

Give everything in a Christmas way. No matter how practical its contents, the packages with a bit of holly tucked under a ribbon tie has added value in the eyes of nurse or kitchen maid, as surely as in those of your intimate friends.

You are too pinched to give at all? Oh, no, you are not. Hope, cheeriness, and courage are beyond price, and no one is too poor to give these.

Are you solitary? So was he who gave us the blessed day. Get outside of yourself, and if you can do no more than to say every 'Thank you' and 'Merry Christmas,' with a rising inflection and smile, it will lighten your load and honor him.

Has the year made a chair in the home circle vacant? Don't be selfish, and drape it with crepe, as though the loved voice were silenced for ever. On this day of all others, live your faith in life eternal by wreathing it with evergreens.

A Giving Christmas.

[Each year the Sunday-school tries to make its Christmas treat brighter than the last, if possible. Perhaps this account of what proved to be the happiest ever known for one school will set loving hearts and busy brains at work in a way that will show itself next year in 'the very best Christmas we ever had.'—Ed.]

'Oh, for something new for our Christmas S. S. S. I' cried May Ford—a dream in blonde and blue, floating into one of the church committee rooms, where many of her Sunday-school co-workers were already assembled.

'That is new,' responded Alice Hart, "'S. S. S." for Sunday-school social is a great saving in time and breath. Thank you.'

'All appreciation gratefully received; but whom shall we thank for the much-sought-for new idea? A plan that we can carry out with success. Please take note that I said "we."'

'Mrs. Barton looks as if she had something on her mind,' suggested Tom Mather, who had grown up next door to that amiable lady, and in common with most of the young people present, had not graduated from the primary department of the Sunday-school of which she was superintendent until, like young birdlings, they had been crowded out of the much-loved home nest.

The little woman beaming upon them had in her very manner a promise of the solution of their problem, as she said:

'Of late I have been fearing that we were not making the most of our Christmas opportunities with the children. We have done what was easiest for ourselves and made it for them a receiving day instead of a giving.'

'Christmas should, of all things, teach un-

selfishness,' said the young pastor, who had come in and found a place very quietly.

'Of course, the spirit is all right,' cried May Ford, impetuously. 'But the idea of many in our Sunday-school giving is a novel one. What, pray, have they to give?'

'Trust them to find something.'

'But may not some give what it is their duty to keep.'

'There might be sacrifice even in that.'

'And those in better circumstances might follow in the same line, and with wholesome results.'

'Careful note should be taken that such cases of generosity were made good.'

'I am filled with dismay lest I shall not be able to inculcate a right spirit.'

'In some instances the right spirit might be as necessary in receiving as in giving.'

These remarks had run around the room in the delightfully informal manner that always characterized the committee meetings of these co-workers, until Willie Granger, who had come as an escort for his mother, weary of what he considered very preachy talk, asked:—

'How is this wholesale gift enterprise to be managed?'

'Of course, we look to Mrs. Barton for details.'

And thus appealed to that lady replied:

'Would it not be the simplest way to announce that every one who comes shall bring a gift as an admittance fee?'

'What sort of a gift, Mrs. Barton?'

'The giver is to decide. I have determined on my gift, but I will only say that it is a useful piece of furniture that has been crowded from room to room until it has at last arrived in the attic. I shall write out a description of it and the committee will decide upon some place where it will be acceptable.'

'How mysterious! Oh, I will give!' and May clapped her hands over her mouth, for fear the beneficent thought might escape.

'This is delightful,' laughed the superintendent, 'for the old saw that every lady likes a lover is no more true than the new one that many misses make a mystery.'

'I have fathomed Mrs. Barton's mystery,' said Tom; 'her gift is that dear old ugly sleepy hollow, leather covered arm-chair. I have missed it from the library for some time, and I suggest that it be given to Mr. Bird, who has asthma and never goes to bed. He and his family are all among our church people.'

'If all the mysteries are as nice as that and all the problems as easily solved, our happy Christmas is assured,' said the superintendent.

'Shall we have the usual gift tree?' asked Miss Carter, timidly, her even voice quieting the little ebullitions of enthusiasm.

'I think so,' replied Mrs. Barton. 'The children always vote for a tree. There is nothing prettier and the tinnest gift gains a charm from having grown on the Christmas tree.'

'That is true,' said May; 'I haven't outgrown the delusion. I have the books that year by year have come to me from the Christmas tree on a shelf by themselves and they are a little more precious than any other books that I have.'

Some of the girls smiled. Tom Mather, whose father owned the largest bookstore in the city, looked gratified, and May began once more, the pink in her cheeks turning to carmine, but before she could excuse or further confuse herself, Mrs. Barton had relieved the situation by saying:

'Now, who has a thought about the decorations?'

'Why not let every one have a hand in that also?' suggested the assistant superintendent.

'For instance, let us ask for round wreaths of evergreen and for paper decorations.'

'Of course, the whole thing is an experiment,' said the pastor, with more or less doubt in his voice.

'But I fancy it will be a successful one,' quickly added Mrs. Granger, lest Mrs. Barton might fancy that any one was throwing cold water. 'Just think of the bother and the litter to be escaped by having decorations all brought in ready-made—and there is no end to the possibilities of round wreaths and paper flowers, and chains, and all sorts of pretty and quaint devices.'

So that was settled and Mrs. Barton was solicited for further details.

'Of course,' she explained, 'there will be the usual candy, fruit, nuts, toys and fanciful gifts—'

'For, of course, we have no desire to turn our Sunday-school social into a charity fair,' cut in Mrs. Potter very coldly.

'Only in the way of that charity which is love,' replied Mrs. Barton, continuing. 'I know all you young people are to be trusted for the musical and literary entertainment, including a processional when all the children are to march around and deposit their gifts in a basket-like arrangement in the corner, front of the door, to the ladies' parlor, so that they may be removed without confusion, and made ready for distribution at the same time with the fruits of the tree.'

'The means and the methods to be settled at some future committee meeting. We always have such good times at committee meetings. We ought to arrange for an hour together somewhere every evening.'

'That's so,' replied Tom, who was helping May on with her wraps and anticipating the short walk home as her escort. 'There are sure to be new ideas brought out. Now that of a processional is fine, it gives every child a chance to be in it himself for all that he is worth.'

'There may not be as many children or as many gifts as you are planning for,' said an unbeliever in innovations.

'We certainly are hoping for an increased attendance that we may be so fortunate as to return,' said Mrs. Barton; 'and our plans should at once be made known to the children, for it is they who are to interest others. And now shall we adjourn to meet at my home to-morrow evening at eight o'clock? and there are yet three Sundays before Christmas.'

Recruits began to come in the very first Sunday, and Mrs. Barton was the recipient of many pretty and pathetic confidences in regard to the required admittance fee. No one rebelled at it as unjust, but Mrs. Barton gained many facts that would aid in the distribution of gifts.

The preparations went briskly forward; each Sunday brought recruits to the school, some of whom heard the story of the Christ child for the first time; joined in rehearsing Christmas hymns and wondered how even Christmas itself could be more delightful.

Willie Granger, walking home with his mother after the church service, asked with some hesitancy, if, instead of having a new overcoat, he could not use the money it would cost to buy a new suit for a schoolmate whose father was sick, so that the lad might be able to get work in some store at odd hours; and the mother, remembering what she had said about sacrifice in the boy's hearing at the committee meetings, consented. And the bright boy gained an experimental knowledge of the delights of helpfulness. The lad who was helped gained a permanent position, and the man who employed him became interested for

the first time in church benevolences and became a powerful ally.

That was the happiest Christmas that the church had ever known. The very spirit of love entered into everything. There was the largest attendance. The decorations were marvellous, the tree a revelation of beauty and the gifts useful and beautiful and covering a large range in value, but all fitting into a right place far exceeding even Mrs. Barton's expectations.

After service the next Sunday the decorations were taken down and distributed among the delighted children and they in turn carried the pretty offerings to wretched homes not represented in any Sunday-school, where they gave an air of holiday cheer to places where cheer of any kind rarely came. The district visitors told of finding them in bare attics and damp basements, and some were even taken to the cemeteries and placed on the graves of loved ones.

'That thought of yours of making Christmas a giving day instead of a receiving day was, as it has turned out, an inspiration,' said one of the doubtful ones to Mrs. Barton not long ago, 'but in a smaller church, or in a country church, where there are not very poor people, it would not work.'

And Mrs. Barton replied: 'Are there not in all communities poor people outside the church who have no affiliations with the church life, who help to make up the large non-church-going community—people, some of them, intelligent and refined, the victims of adverse circumstances? The so-called degenerate element who might be won, not by cold charity, but by Christian love?'

'Let us not leave this work for the lodge, or the temperance union, or some other society, but let us remember that it is the work that Christ left for his followers,' added the pastor.—Annie A. Preston in the Springfield Republican.

The most dangerous place for any man to reach is the summit of his ambitions. The great sin of the Rich Fool consisted not in his acquisition of houses and lands and barns filled 'with much goods laid up for many years,' but in the fact that he cared for nothing but well-filled barns, 'and that he said to his soul, "Take thine ease."' He had reached the top. He wanted nothing more. He took no forward look.—The Rev. F. E. Clarke.

Zeal vs. Discretion.

It is not stinginess, but a valuable and often difficult act of self-denial, to spend no more time or money than one can afford on preparing Christmas gifts for one's friends. There is many a home where the daughter of the house is useless to her mother and everybody else, besides being so nervous from overwork that her society is anything but agreeable, for weeks before the Christmas season; and all because she allows generosity to become slavery in her too ambitious plans for holiday gifts. There are other homes where larger sums are spent on toys, games and other gifts by fond parents than are given during the whole year to all missionary objects. And we may add, there are churches where more energy is given and more money spent in preparing a Christmas festival for the Sunday-school than can be had during all the year for improving the work of the school. Gifts and festivals are all right in their place, but carried to excess they may be all wrong.—Standard.

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The Guiding Star.

As with gladness, men of old,
Did Thy guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
As they bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ to Thee, our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day,
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light,
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. —W. C. Dix.

A New Year's Motto.

'LAUNCH OUT.'

(By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.)

'Launch out into the deep!' This was Christ's order to Simon Peter after a night of not very successful fishing. Accordingly Peter sets the bow of his little boat towards the deep water where the fish are and after the net has been cast, there is a prodigious haul that requires some extra effort to bring it to shore.

Here is a motto for churches and pastors. 'Launch out!' Perhaps the past year has not been one of much success in winning souls to Christ. One reason probably was that there was not enough effort to reach the unconverted either by fervent preaching to them in the pulpit, or by personal effort with them out of the pulpit. Plain, pointed, pungent sermons warmed with love and steeped in prayer are the minister's needed work on the Sabbath. But such arguments and appeals must be followed up. A pastor often accomplishes as much by an hour of close friendly conversation, as by any amount of pulpit appeal. The Sabbath-school teacher can reach his or her scholars most effectively by a private visit, and a faithful talk with each member of his class. Personal work does the business; not all the fish are caught by the net; each fisher must drop his own hook and line baited with love.

At the beginning of a new year's work the first duty of faith is to make new ventures. 'Launch out,' and with the Holy Spirit's aid make the effort. I would not make too much of the word 'deep,' which in the New Testament incident had only a local significance in fishing. Still there must be a deep down faith in your hearts, and a deep down love of souls, and an insatiate desire for their salvation. Shallow interest, shallow feeling, shallow praying win no souls for the Master. The minister who longs to convert souls must lay hold of the deep truths of God, and strive to penetrate the depths of the heart before him. It is down in those depths that lurk the depravity, the besetting sin or the unbelief that keeps the sinner from Jesus Christ. The truth must go far enough down to reach the roots in order

to produce deep conversion. Spiritual peace, spiritual joy and spiritual power all depend on Christ's getting full possession of the heart.

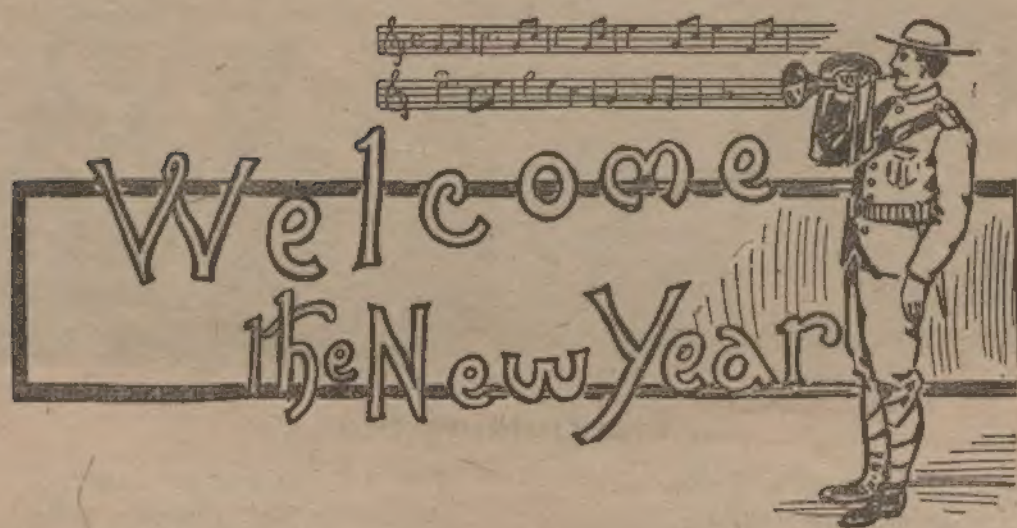
It is well also to 'launch out' beyond the regular church goers, and to strive to reach the outsiders—even those who may be regarded as 'hard cases.' As in fishing, the fish that bite readily are easily taken, so there are persons brought up under gospel influences that yield more readily to the truth. But the inveterate Sabbath breakers, the open scoffers, the hard drinkers, the profane and openly ungodly class are too often passed by as hopeless. Saul of Tarsus was not a very hopeful case;—cannot the same Divine Spirit that subdued and transformed him, convert the most impenitent and hardened sinner in your community? And when a conspicuously irreligious person in any place is converted, the effect is all the more powerful. Then, my dear friends, if the Master is on board with you—(as he was with Simon Peter)—launch out into the deep and according to your faith, your courage and your loving zeal will be your ingathering of converted souls.

The New Year.

A year of needs! but, oh! thy God can make it
A year of blessings, too!
A year of weakness! do not fear to take it,
He will thy strength renew.
New work, new wants, new yearnings will
arise,
They are but channels for God's new supplies.

A Cardinal Virtue.

The Chinese have one custom deeply rooted in the national life—they settle up accounts at the end of the year. This is a matter of earnest, honest endeavor with the average Chinaman, and no common reason will induce him to carry over this year's debts into the New Year. Might not other nations take a leaf from China's book? At all events, cannot each individual make it a point of honor that debts shall be settled then? What widening circles of cheer, goodwill and hopefulness would this set in motion!—Selected.



Thy Brother.

When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, oh, let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother,
Give the more!

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need!

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest!

Share with him thy bread of blessing
Sorrow's burden share!
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

—Theodore C. Williams, in 'S.S. Chronicle.'

A Legend of Banbury.

(S. K. Hutton, in 'Little Snowflakes'.)

The heat of summer had passed; cold October had pinched the chins and cheeks of the old people and children; 'an Indian summer had come with renewed warmth, rejoicing all hearts, gilding the slender birches with brilliant gold, painting the Virginian creepers with crimson, and that again had passed away, and the 4th of November broke lowering and ominous over the old town of Banbury; heavy clouds scudded before the wind, threatening every moment to break in violent storms of rain over the surrounding country. But you must know that it was Nellie Lee's birthday, and the previous lovely weather had deluded her into planning a picnic for the day, and Miss Nellie Lee was a young lady who had not quite learnt that it is the duty of human beings to bear disappointment cheerfully. So, in spite of clouds and threatening rain, she marched forth at three o'clock, and commanded her party to follow.

They took the road to Broughton Castle, where a fire was to be lighted and a sumptuous tea to be partaken of; but the Fates were all against them, and, just as they reached the Giant's cave, a few drops of rain fell from the lowering clouds.

At the opening of the cave, leaning upon his crook, stood an old shepherd watching his flock, which were sheltering under a tree hard by.

'Shall we have much rain, think you?' asked one of the party.

'Ay, ay!' said the old man, 'and thunder and lightning to boot. Ye may tell what's coming by looking at my sheep under yon tree. They know when a storm's near.'

All eyes turned towards the sheep, and there, huddled together, trembling in every limb, and uneasily moving about in a terrified mass, were the poor sheep, and, keeping watch by them, the faithful shepherd dog.

'Then I won't go a step farther!' cried Nellie, who is now an old lady, but was a self-willed girl then, 'for thunder and lightning scare the very life out of me. Make the fire here, and we will shelter in the cave.' So the fire was made, and soon the crackle of the burning sticks rose up to meet the distant grumble of the thunder, and the tea was spread in the Giant's Cave.

'This cave was once part of an underground passage, I've heard my great grandfather say, when I was a little chap,' began the old shepherd, who was sharing in the good fare of the party and warming himself at the ruddy blaze; 'it led from Broughton Castle to Banbury Castle in olden days, grand-dad was wont to tell, and along it came young Edward of Broughton, to court the Lady Matilda of the Castle of Banbury. The young Lady Matilda was as fair as the lily flower, as slender as the silver birch, and as sweet as the summer rose, and she loved young Edward with all her heart and soul. He was a tall and a handsome youth, with bright dark eyes that flashed with fun and anger, and a mouth that could speak words of love that would melt the hardest heart (and Matilda's heart was of the gentlest), and it could speak words of wrath that would make the boldest tremble; but to Matilda no rough word was ever spoken; he loved her as his own life, and his hand and heart were ready to keep and protect her all through life unto death. When they were girl and boy together he would lead her by stream and valley at noon and evening hour, and with him by her side she knew no fear. He would tell her tales of the great world outside her quiet home, and she would dream of him as the hero of the world.

'All this was sweet to the young Matilda, for her life was very still. In the castle of Banbury she had no brothers or sisters to laugh and play with her; her mother was gentle and sweet, and her father a quiet student. It is true that Matilda had a brother, but Nevil was one of the Queen's pages and lived at Court, so Edward was all in all to her. Edward's father, however, was a stern man, and there had long existed a deadly feud between the two families, and he had vowed that no child of his should wed with a child of the house of Banbury. This was very sad to the gentle Matilda, and cast the first sorrow over her peaceful life; but though she was gentle she was also as true as steel—she had plighted her troth to Edward, and his wife she would be if he should choose to ask her when they both grew to a fitting age. And so the years stole on. When the lovely Matilda attained her majority, the baron, her father, gave

a great fete, in the castle, to all the neighborhood, and to this fete came Edward, disguised in a forester's suit of Lincoln green. All the noble lords and ladies from the country round assembled in Banbury Castle on that day, and the good people of Banbury were bidden to meet them at the ball in the evening. The great hall was hung with crimson and gold; hundreds of candles burned in the silver sconces; wreaths of evergreens and flowers hung in festoons from pillar to pillar, and a notable company of musicians was placed upon a dais at the upper end of the hall. By the ruddy hearth stood the baron and the baroness welcoming their guests, and by their side the graceful Lady Matilda clad in white and gold, white roses in her golden hair and in the bosom of her dress, and a bright pink flush upon her soft cheeks. Her eyes sparkled with happy light, and every thought in that vast company proclaimed her fair. But if the thoughts of untouched hearts thus testified to Matilda's beauty, what said the heart of young Edward under his forest garb? Nay, that I cannot tell. Words could not describe his loving adoration. He longed to kneel before his queen and kiss her dainty feet, and do all else that love could suggest and reason permit. He gazed and gazed as though there were naught else to gaze upon, when to this fair lady he saw approach a handsome youth, exquisitely appressed. He saw him kiss the two white hands as he would fain have done; nay, more, he saw him press his lips upon the girl's bright hair, and place a diamond star among the flowers in the golden coils, and Edward's heart swelled with anger and despair. He could contain himself no longer, but rushed from the room to the open air of the courtyard. As he leaned against a pillar, some few minutes later, the young gallant passed by him and a desperate combat ensued. Lithe and strong, the two lads fought like young lions, and soon the whole assembly had gathered round, holding torches high in air, to watch the fray, till Matilda, wondering what had chanced amiss, and drawn by an instinct, she knew not why, rushed to the spot, and threw herself upon the frantic combatants.

'Edward! Nevil!' she cried in horror and despair, 'what is this? You two who are the most dear to me! For my sake desist. Lover and brother, would you murder each other before my eyes?' At these words, the two young men fell apart as though struck asunder by a heavy blow, and Edward threw himself, at Matilda's feet, in deep contrition. Nevil was but slightly injured, but Edward's case was bad indeed. Days and nights passed by and Matilda never left the side of the poor youth, who lamented bitterly his frantic act. Nevil, while he remained at the castle, watched by his couch almost as tenderly as did his sister, and a warm friendship sprang up between the youths, but his time was short, and before long he was summoned to resume his duties at Court.

'It was a wild dark night in November; the wind blew and whistled through the turret room where Edward lay wan and worn, when a waiting maid—the favorite of her young mistress—came and knelt by Matilda's side, and taking her hands, said, "Sweetest mistress, it is chill to-night, and the wind blows cold, and there came a stranger to the door—an aged man—who sat with us by the hearth in the hall. Amongst other things we talked of our sad distress, and he told us that at this time of the year, a holy man—a pil-

grim with a vow upon him—comes from far to do penance at the cross of Banbury, and that if any one should deeply need some boon, and have the courage to wait alone at the cross from the hour of midnight till St. Hilda's clock strikes two each night till he shall come, he will mightily entreat that the boon may be obtained, and 'the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' Wilt thou dare to go, dearest mistress, and entreat for the life of him you love?"

"I will go, dear maid," answered her mistress, kissing the kneeling girl, "and do you take my watch upon you, for love's sake;" and drawing around her a fur cloak and hood, the pale and worn maiden—with a heart so strong in love—betook herself night after night to the trysting place beside the cross.

'It was upon the seventh watch, as the clock struck the hour of midnight, that Matilda, as she approached from one side of the cross, observed a bent and aged figure to approach slowly from the other.

"Father," said the girl, kneeling before the aged man, "art thou he who dost come here under a vow, and deignest to pray for the boon of any one who shall watch alone for thy coming? For see, father, I have waited these seven nights for thee!"

"I am he, daughter," replied the holy man; "what is thy boon?"

"I ask the life of one most dear to me," answered the girl.

"Arise, dear daughter, I will pray for that life. Farewell, and may heaven bless thee!"

From that night Edward began to amend, and when Old Christmas came again, the sweet bells of the little church of St. Hilda's, which was attached to the castle, rang out gay peals to tell of the marriage of Edward and Matilda. One cloud only darkened that happy day: Edward's father and mother refused their consent to the marriage, and cast Edward from them as one who should never be forgiven.

'Crowds were flocking together to witness the ceremony, and shouts of rejoicing were rending the air, when a lady was observed to ride towards the bridal procession, clad in ermine and gold, mounted upon a milk-white steed, and followed by a small company of people.

"The Queen, the Queen," rang out from far and near, "God bless the Queen; God save the Queen!"

"Children," said the gracious sovereign, as she reached the bride and bridegroom; "informed by my gallant page, Nevil of Banbury, of your constancy and courage, I come to bring you the only blessing that has been to-day denied to you. Sad is the heart of the Prince of Peace when he sees nation at war with nation—but sadder still is he when he sees the children of one kingdom at strife between themselves. Therefore I rejoice that this day I have obtained for you the forgiveness of the Lord and Lady of Broughton Castle, who come now, in answer to my prayer, to grace your marriage by their presence." Upon this the parents of Edward rode forward, and extended the right hand of fellowship to the bridal pair and to the parents of the bride; and from that day forward peace and love reigned supreme where strife and discord had so long held sway.

'Many fair children were the result of that happy marriage; and the proud nurse—the maid of whom I have spoken, the favorite of her mistress—was wont to sing to the bonny bairns this rhyme:

"Come, ride across country to Banbury Cross,
To welcome the Queen upon her white horse;

Ring bells of St. Hilda's, 'Make friends and love foes,'

The Queen chimes love's music wherever she goes."

'When I was a little lad my great grand-dame used to sing that verse to me to this tune,' said the old shepherd, and he piped out the rhyme in a quivering voice; 'but I am told that the children nowadays have changed the words a bit.'

'Why,' cried Nelly, much excited, 'it's—

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady get on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

'Aye, aye! that's it,' said the old man, 'but it's not so nice as the old way to my mind. But now, see, the storm has passed away and I must trot on.' So away he went with his flock of sheep and his faithful dog, and the party of picnickers returned home to Banbury.'

Feed the Birds.

Thoughtless people have not the slightest idea of the suffering of wild birds during the frosty weather, or when the ground is covered with snow. The little ones of the household should be encouraged to remember the poor birds, so dependent during the winter upon such assistance. Remains of cold boiled potatoes, broken small, will be picked up eagerly; a handful of rolled oats will be a perfect feast, and cooked rice, barley, peas, etc., left from a meal, are all much appreciated by all of them. The pleasure of watching the birds is very great—especially to children, whose natural love towards all dumb creatures is intensified by the knowledge that they are befriending them, and perhaps saving them from a cruel death. Those living in a city flat have, perhaps, not the same opportunity of studying the wonderful variety of birds, but even a town sparrow would be glad of a few crumbs and tit-bits put out on the window sill.—Exchange.

The Story of Crosby Hall.

(Lizzie T. Hussey, in 'Union Signal'.)

For several weeks our whole family had been agitating the momentous question of where to spend the summer. We had searched all the newspapers for desirable places, both country and seaside, but none seemed to meet our requirements. It was necessary that we should be near the city, as the bread-winners of our number must be in town each day. Therefore it was with delight that we welcomed the announcement made by Uncle Jack. 'Congratulate me,' he said; 'I have found a summer home for us at last. You remember my old college chum, Harold Brown. Well, he has had an old-fashioned country house lately come into his hands, and has offered it to me for the summer at a low price. It is less than ten miles from here and is the very place we have been searching for.'

Further investigations served to corroborate the favorable impression made by Uncle Jack, and the first of July found us pleasantly settled at Crosby Hall, as it was called. It was a roomy old mansion, built in the Colonial style of architecture, a short distance back from the highway. A half dozen rods in the rear was a small lake, which promised many pleasant hours on its surface.

A few days after our arrival a heavy rain set in, and as it was Sunday our family party was a large one. As the afternoon waned we grew weary of reading and writing letters, so

welcomed Bert's proposal that we make an exploring expedition in the great unfinished attic. We had been in the 'sky-parlor' some time, finding little save empty boxes and spiders, when Nan, whose bump of curiosity was exceedingly well developed, venturing far back under the sloping eaves, gave a cry of surprise. 'See what I've found—a tin box full of old papers and letters. How interesting and romantic they look!'

As we crowded round Nan and began to examine her treasure, Bert held up a roll of paper and read the inscription with a grand flourish: 'The Story of Crosby Hall.'

'This very house!' cried Nan. Read it at once.'

So Bert untied the faded blue ribbon and read the following:

Crosby Hall, August, 1852.

I am Marjorie Crosby, the only daughter of Squire Crosby of Crosby Hall, and I am going to write down the record of my spoiled life for others to read, hoping as they learn of all the sorrow and pain caused by one little act, they may profit by another's sad experience and live good and happy lives.

This house was built in Revolutionary times by a pirate, who kept it for a store-house for his booty, but before he had lived here long he was discovered and put in prison. The place was sold at auction and my father bought it. Many alterations were made and the house as it is to-day is roomy and pleasant. There are twenty rooms, besides a long dance hall running the whole length of the house.

Oh, the happy, joyous hours I have spent in this dear old home after all! And now I am going away—forever! It is only when we have lost what is dearest to us that we come to know its true value; then vain regrets for the past are ever present in our thoughts.

But to resume my story. My brother Edgar and I were the only children. Our mother had died when we were small, so father had had the chief care of us ever since, although a kind old housekeeper had looked after us more or less. At sixteen Edgar went away to college, while I, then only fourteen, was placed in a boarding school. Our visits home during the vacations were seasons of rejoicing and merry-making by our father. During the Christmas holidays, especially, the old house was full of guests, and always on the last day of the old year father gave a great party, inviting the people for miles around. On such occasions the wine flowed abundantly. The cellar which had been used by the pirate to hide his treasures was now converted into a fine wine cellar, full of casks of the best old wines. Nearly everyone drinks wine in these days as freely as water.

The winter after my graduation my father gave a great ball in honor of my engagement to Philip Rogers, a young man who was in my brother's class in college, and whom I had met for the first time two years previous during the holiday vacation. The friendship then formed had soon ripened into love, and the ball to be given at Crosby Hall on New Year's Eve was to be the grandest and most elaborate ever given in all the country-side, as the match was one greatly pleasing to my father. Neither money nor time were spared to make it a success.

Everything went happily until about midnight—just as the Old Year was dying, and then—would that those fatal hours were blotted forever from the calendar of my life! But no, it must be told. The great clock had just struck twelve, and we were all merry in good-wishing and drinking to the health of the new-born year. Philip stood by my side, smiling

at the gay company, but without himself joining in drinking the wine. Long before my brother had told me that Philip had never drunk a drop of liquor in any form. I had thought it was simply some puritanical notion, and had often laughed at him for his strict ideas. To-night, however, was no common affair. I resolved that he should drink with the rest on this first morning of the New Year which was to witness our marriage ere its close. At first I only gently insisted, Philip each time as gently, but firmly, refusing. At last, somewhat vexed, I said: 'Before this joyous company, Philip, I pray you to yield this once, and for the love of me, who am to be your wife before another New Year, do you drink a glass of this sweet old Madeira which I have here, in honor of the time and the occasion!'

For one moment all was still as death. I could feel my lip slightly curl in disdain; then Philip stepped forward, took the glass from my hand and drained every drop. No need now to urge him to drink. The first taste of the wine seemed to have changed his very nature. He was the gayest of the gay, the noisiest of the noisy.

The people were beginning to leave, and the last sleigh load had departed, singing on their way, when I came upon my lover and my brother together in the dining room. I can seem to hear Edgar to-night as he said:

'Philip, remember your promise to your mother. Don't drink one drop more.' But Philip only roughly thrust him aside.

'Leave me alone, Ned,' he said, 'I have tasted it; the mischief is done.'

I was hurrying away, frightened at the words and looks of the two when my very heart seemed to stand still at the loud report of a pistol. Oh, the scene that met my terrified eyes! Bending over the stiff and motionless form of my brother was Philip, his own pale face was drawn, and his eyes wild with remorse. As I ran up to them he raised his eyes to mine with such a look as I shall never forget.

'Oh, Marjorie, I have killed your brother; killed him who was my best friend, and who was my strong support through all the temptations of my college life! Oh, Marjorie, darling, it wasn't your fault!' he cried, as he saw the look on my face. 'You didn't know that I had inherited an awful legacy, where a drop of liquor makes one lose all control of one's self. I ought to have told you before. Marjorie, Marjorie, don't die too!' for I fell at his feet in a dead swoon. They thought I was really dead at first, while Philip was almost crazy with grief and remorse.

In the hurry and bustle of that night it was over an hour before he was missed, and it was long days before they dared tell me the truth—how he had dashed out into the gray dawn of that New Year's morning, and, mounting his horse, started to cross the river. The ice was full of air-holes that year, and in his mad ride Philip broke through into the cold waters beneath and was drowned.

Previous to telling me the sad news I was told that my brother was not dead, but had had almost recovered from his wound, which he had received while he and Philip were idly playing with a pistol. So Philip was not a murderer, yet he perished with the belief that he had not only Edgar's but also my blood on his hands.

Many months passed before I could see anyone outside of the family. Then I never spoke of that awful night. Not long after my father died, and Edgar and I were left alone in the great house with the servants. Edgar wished to go to the city, while I was only too

glad to sell the place which will ever be rife with sad remembrance to me.

Here the writing came to an end, but another hand had added:

'I, too, am Marjorie Crosby, niece of the above. I will add these few lines to make the story complete. Crosby Hall was sold and made into a tavern. My aunt went to Boston and devoted the remainder of her life to helping the poor and needy. Her large fortune enabled her to do much good, and ere her death many a poor wretch had reason to bless her name. Especially did those who were slaves to drink enlist her sympathies. My father and I often spend a week at Crosby Tavern, and during one of my visits, while ransacking the old unfinished attic in search of treasures or relics, I found Aunt Marjorie's poor little story and so will put my bit to it, and leave it where I found it, far back under the eaves.'

As Bert finished reading and laid the paper down a hush had fallen on the little group.

'Poor Marjorie! All her fond hopes blighted and all because of a glass of wine!' softly murmured Aunt Jo, who had joined our company.

The old house, which had seen so many strange scenes enacted under its roof, seemed silently to remind one that every act in life may be a link in a long chain full of joy or sorrow.

New Year Superstitions.

The old superstitions connected with New Year are many, and not only harmless but interesting. For instance, no one must put on anything that is soiled, and, if possible, wear everything new. You must not cut your hair or nails, and on no account wear a torn garment. If you should be so unfortunate as to put on the left shoe first, or a garment on wrong side, you must undress, even to the taking down of your hair, and dress all over again. It is very bad luck to be late to breakfast, and worse luck still to stumble or fall, unless it be upstairs, in which case do not look behind you, whatever you do. On retiring, place something higher than the bed beside it, on which you can step when you arise in the morning, so that you may take your first step upward. Be the first to speak to the cook, if you can. To have a basket of eggs or a box of oranges brought to the house unexpectedly during the day is great good luck. The salt-cellars must be clean and full, the bread-basket well supplied, and money in your purse, and the purse in your pocket. Whatever you start to do on New Year's Day you must finish, or else you will half do all the year. It is also a custom to light a candle at sundown on Dec. 31, and keep it burning until the new year is fairly started. It is a very ill omen to have a fire go out with the old year. The finding of money is good if the money is spent for other than the person finding it.—Selected.

The Calendar.

The calendar was first arranged so that the year was composed of 365 days in twelve months. The odd minutes, however, were left unnoticed, till Julius Caesar, and his astronomer, decided that every four years an extra day should be added, which was done by repeating February 24th, and a fresh start was made in the Julian style. But in 1582, A.D., the odd minutes had amounted to ten days, and Pope Gregory ordered this number of days to be taken from 1582, so October 5th became the 15th. But some countries, England among them, did not adopt this rule. George II. passed an act for 'equalizing' our British time to that of continental nations. By this

Act (24 George II., 1752), seven days were omitted after September 2nd, 1752; and, to counteract odd minutes in reckoning, 'the years 1800 and any hundredth year, except every fourth hundredth, whereof the year 2000 A.D. shall be the first,' shall not be reckoned 'leap years.' The 'old style' is still maintained in Russia, and (we believe) in Greece, but all other nations adopted the new.—Selected.

At the Parting of the Ways.

'Go forth in thy turn,' said the Lord of the year, to the year we greet to-day—

'Go forth to succor my people, who are thronging the world's highway.

Carry them health and comfort, carry them joy and light,

The grace of the eager dawning, the ease of the restful night.

Take them the flying snowflake, and the hope of the hastening spring,

The green of the leaf unrolling, the gleam of the blue-bird's wing.

Give them the gladness of children, the strength of sinew and nerve,

The pluck of the man in battle, who may fall, but will never swerve.

Send them the lilt of the singer, the sword that is swift to smite

In the headlong rush of the onset, when the wrong resists the right.

Pour on them peace that crowneth hosts which have bravely striven.

Over them throw the mantle they wear who are God-forgiven.

Shrive them of sin and of blunders; O make my people free!

Let this year among years be thought of as a time of jubilee,

Throbbing with notes triumphant, waving with banners fair,

A year of the grace of the Highest, to vanquish human despair.

For sorrow and sighing send them, O Year, the dance of mirth,

And banish the moan and the crying from the struggling, orphaned earth.

'Go forth in thy turn, O blithe New Year,' said the Lord of the passing days;

And the angels in heaven heard Him, and lifted a psalm of praise.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

'Tender-foot' Ted.

(Mary E. Q. Brush, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

Ted sat on the doorstep, looking off toward the prairie. Westward the fresh breeze and the sunset glow made the grass look like a sea of golden waves. Toward the east there was a soft, amethyst tinge with purple shadings. It was this way that Ted's face was turned with a wistful longing for home. Home? That was a thing of the past! Two weeks before he had seen his father buried; then had come a long, wearisome journey, and now he was out on this lonely ranch with relatives he had never before seen. His uncle was very kind, but his cousins—Ted winced, for even now he heard big, burly Jack and roguish Jerry giggling back of the stables. The former was unbuckling the 'cinch' of a restive pony and exclaiming, 'Humph! Guess that "tender-foot" won't brag of his riding again!'

'No, indeed! Wildfire gave him one dose! Say, do you believe Ted was on a horse before?' said Jerry.

'Probably. The fellow doesn't lie—he's a real "Truthful James"! But you see, Jerry, riding East is tame business. Put a dude in a plug hat upon a mild-tempered nag with

one of those docked tails and let him go jogging along at a granny gait on an asphalt pavement or in the park—call that riding?—pooh! and Jack ended with a snort of contempt!

Within the house the two girls, Lucy and Patty, were also discussing their cousin. Lucy, with her blue calico sleeves rolled up high above her rosy, dimpled elbows, was sifting flour for tea biscuits.

'It's a shame,' she exclaimed, with an emphatic pat on the sieve, 'a shame that the boys should act so! The way they treat Ted, I mean!'

'But how funny he did look tumbling over Wildfire's head!' giggled Patty, who was far younger and giddier.

'Might have broken his neck! Wish I'd hinted to him how tricky Indian ponies are.'

'The boys would have been mad if you had!'

'Let 'em!' with the superior air of an elder sister. 'Anyhow, it's very shabby for them to treat a stranger so—an orphan, too.'

'But he is such a "tender-foot"!'

'He isn't the fool they think him, though! He's a splendid scholar. Jack and Jerry might be thankful if they knew half what he does! He can read Latin right off, and you ought to have heard him chatter French with Louis, the old Manitoba trapper! He can do any example in the arithmetic, too. Told father just as quick how many bushels the new root-cellar would hold. Then nobody can say he isn't mannerly. I should have thought that our Jerry would have been ashamed last evening when he planked himself down in the big rocking-chair and father came in all tired out, for it was Ted who jumped up and got him a chair and took his hat and coat.'

'He is polite,' Patty admitted. 'But, you see, the boys'll never give in, because he can't ride a pony that "bucks" and he's so green about Western ways; he thinks the Indians are poor, abused creatures; he's awfully interested in them; then he potters about on the prairie and gathers flowers and collects specimens, and looks scared and disgusted when the cowboys swear. Then that Sunday-school scheme—'

'Yes, that Sunday-school scheme,' Lucy interrupted. 'I'm inclined to think it a good one. Since Ted's been here I've done considerable thinking and I've come to the conclusion that we live just like heathen. If mother'd lived—with a tremble in her voice—'perhaps it wouldn't have been so. I remember how she used to tell about Sundays in the East and church and Sunday-school. But here we are, miles from any church, and what are we to do? Ted's idea is to have some of the young folks on the "quarter-sections" around us gather at some place and have a little Sunday-school. There are at least a dozen who could come if only Jack and Jerry would invite them and take an interest in the plan. But whenever Ted talks about it they grin like Cheshire cats and call him "Granny" and "Miss Nancy" and "Deacon" and all that! I just wish the boy could prove to them that he wasn't the mollycoddle they think him!' and Lucy gave an emphatic bang to the oven door as she slid in her pan of biscuits.

The golden light faded from the western sky and the prairie was spread with ebon shadows. The mellow air of the March afternoon grew suddenly chill. There was no danger of frost, however. The sudden spring mildness of the past few days had accomplished a good deal. Mr. Barrow's face was somewhat grave as he drove in from town. 'Folks are worrying about the Missouri breaking up,' he said, as he sat down to the bountiful supper table.

'Do they think it'll break up right away, pa?' said Lucy, anxiously.

'Yes. If it only doesn't dam up down at Sibley's Island as it did five years ago. We had bad work then! I lost nigh to two hundred sheep then and I don't know how many bushels of wheat.'

Ted was listening to the conversation and his face grew serious, seeing which Jack poked Jerry playfully in the ribs, exclaiming, in a sepulchral whisper, 'Granny's afraid he'll get his best Sunday cap and his knittin'-work and Latin grammar wet!' Ted flushed and Lucy bestowed what she intended to be a particularly dreadful frown upon her elder brother.

At half-past nine that night Mr. Barrows opened the back door and looked out. 'Feels colder,' he said. 'Guess it's going to freeze up, after all,' and he and his family retired, feeling that all would be well.

It was Ted who woke up in the small hours after midnight, hearing a sullen, roaring sound like that of an approaching tempest. He just crawled to the foot of his bed, drew aside the window curtain and looked out. There was no storm brewing, but as Ted looked afar on the prairie his eyes caught a gleam of something besides moonlight. Away where a purple-black fringe of cottonwoods and willows marked the course of the Missouri was a steadily widening silvery streak. Nearer by, little gleams came from the sodden grass around the ranch buildings where stood deepening puddles of water. Above the roar of the flood was heard the creaking and grinding of huge cakes of ice hurled along by the torrent. The Missouri had broken!

Ted awakened the family and, a few minutes later, a pale, trembling group assembled at the window, staring out upon the moonlit waters. Now that the trouble had really come, Mr. Barrows did his best to reassure his dear ones. 'Do not be alarmed,' he said, 'at the worst, it means only a loss of dollars to us. Fortunately, the stock are out on the range, and they will know enough to seek the protection of the bluffs where the water cannot reach them.'

'Hadn't we better go there, too?' said Lucy, tearfully.

Her father looked at the two feet of water surrounding the ranch. 'No,' he said, hesitatingly, 'it will only be exposing ourselves to unnecessary cold and wet. The water won't rise much higher; it didn't five years ago, anyhow.' Nevertheless, his face grew more gloomy as he watched the black, swirling flood.

'I wish we had a boat!' said Jack, uneasily. 'If I had only thought! There's the Josephine tied down by the creek. If she were here, she'd be big enough to hold us all!'

'Gather up the things that you value most and we will go up in the loft,' said Mr. Barrows, soberly. 'We'll keep together, whatever happens. I wish, though, we had run for the bluffs while there was time,' he added, in a moody undertone.

'Why, where's Ted?' suddenly exclaimed Patty, as the family filed up the narrow stairs.

'He was here a few minutes ago,' said Lucy.

But Ted was certainly missing. With startled, white faces, the members of the family looked at one another. 'He was looking out of the back window, the last that I saw him,' said Jerry, solemnly.

Could the boy have fallen out? Down stairs they trooped and leaned over the window-ledge, regardless of the rising waters. Floating timbers, tangled shrubs, wisps of hay, swimming animals—all swept by in panoramic succession, but no Ted was to be seen! Suddenly, while they waited, weeping, they heard above the roar of the waters a clear, joyous

shout, and around the corner of the house swept a long, dark object.

It was a boat, and the moonlight streaming down revealed the name 'Josephine' upon the bow. Seated therein and pulling with the lusty vigor of a member of a college crew was 'tender-foot Ted.'

'I waded down, Uncle Tom—and swam part of the way—and got her!' he shouted. 'She leaked some, but I plugged up the crack with my vest. Climb in, now. Keep up good courage, and, please God, we'll get soon to dry land.'

And so they did, thanks to God's mercy and the lad's bravery. By the time the bluffs were reached the ranch building had loosened from its foundation and was floated giddily along the flood. But by this time the waters had reached their height, and a few hours later began rapidly to subside. No lives of human beings were lost, but the memory of that terrible night will linger long with the dwellers on the prairie. Never again was Ted called a 'tender-foot.' Never again was he accused of cowardice. And when, some weeks later, after the house was secured again to its foundations and rendered fit for occupancy, and everybody had settled down to the comfortable routine of old, Ted broached the cherished plan of organizing a Sunday-school, he was listened to with respectful attention, and Jack and Jerry said with one accord, 'Yes, sir—ee! We'll lend a hand! That night of the "Missouri's break-up" made a feller think some pretty solemn thoughts!'

A New Page.

God gives us a clear page for the opening of each day, and markedly so with the beginning of each year. Let us not spend too much time sighing over lost opportunities; so doing we may miss present advantages. Long ago we were taught that water spilled upon the ground cannot be gathered up again, and if it could it would not be drinkable. God puts a fresh cup of pure water to our lips day by day and year by year. Let us pass over the line into the new year with malice toward none, with charity toward all, with true patriotism toward our own country, and with love toward all men as we would have them love us, at the same time with supreme love to God, the Giver of all good gifts.—Robert S. MacArthur, D.D.

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas
Star and angels gave the sign.
Love shall be our token,
Love be yours, and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love the universal sign.

—C. G. Rossetti.

Conscience Awakened by the Bible.

A little girl, who lived on the slope of a great smoky mountain, was trudging home with a Bible which her Sunday-school teacher had given her. She was afraid to take it to her home for fear that her grandfather would not let her keep it; for he was a rough, wicked man. She knelt down by the side of the road and prayed: 'Dear God, please make my grandpa to love the Bible and be a good man; and let me keep it. And bless the little girl up North, for Jesus' sake, Amen.' The Bible had been sent to her by a little girl from the North.

She showed it to her mother, who said, 'Yes, child; I am glad you have something to make you happy.' When she showed it to her grand-

father, he said, 'You can keep it, but you need not read it out loud.'

A picture-card dropped from the Bible as the little girl was putting it away. Her grandfather picked it up and read, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' He had heard that verse years before the war, and it made a deep impression upon his mind.

He was what is called a 'moonshiner,' because he made and sold liquor contrary to the law. That night he quietly took the Bible and opened it, and read these words, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.' He hastily closed the book and went to his troubled sleep. He kept continually thinking, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.'

It had such an effect upon his mind that the old man went and searched more in the Scriptures. One Sunday, a few weeks later, the same old man was kneeling in prayer, penitent and happy. The Word of God had such a power over his mind that it brought him to repentance and to Christ.—'Sunday-school Illustration.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide',
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,

Please send 'World Wide' on trial,
free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

'World Wide' has been recommended
to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss _____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation
or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 17, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

Ballant Points of President Roosevelt's Message—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle'.
Total on Reform—The Buffalo 'Express'.
Kuropatkin on the New Departure in Russia—The 'Speaker', London.
Fleeing from War—How the Russian Press-Ganga Work—The 'Daily News', London.
The Peace Movement—The King and President Loubet—The Manchester 'Guardian'.
The Relations of a Church to its Creed—The Rev. Prof. Marcus Dods, D. D., in the 'British Weekly'.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Grandma Gilbert's Last Play—From the New York 'Tribune', Oct. 26, 1904.
Grandma Gilbert Talks of Her Last Play—By Acton Davies, Dramatic Critic of the New York 'Sun'.
Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, a Much-Loved Actress, Gone—The 'World', New York; the New York 'Post'; the New York 'American'.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Three Poems—By Matsukato, Emperor of Japan—Translated by Mr. Arthur Lloyd, for the 'Independent', New York.
Lord Rosebery on Books—The 'Daily News', London.
Nostramo—Mr. Conrad's New Book—The 'Spectator', London.
Patronizing Thackeray—The Providence 'Journal'.
How Useful a 'Middling' Book may be—Lamb's Copy of Holcroft—The Manchester 'Guardian'.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Newspaper Man's Talk to Teachers—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle'.
The Heavens in December—By Prof. W. M. Reed, in the 'Scientific American'.
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the ninth week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure \$200.00 in gold.

The first one to start in any town or village has of course the best chance. The best lists so far are coming from villages.

The lists sent in are woefully small as yet. This is bad for us, but it makes it all the more easy for you to win the prizes.

Why don't you try? Even if you live in a small village you could easily beat the **largest** list yet.

The prize of \$200 to be awarded next spring to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date promises to be easily earned and should be an inducement to effort.

Try your neighbors. They will appreciate our publications as much as you do.

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending December 17.

Last Week's Prize Winners.

First Prize—\$10.00 to Miss M. S. Edwards, Province of Quebec, who, besides the prize, earns \$11.93 as commission, making \$21.93 profit on her week's work.

Second Prize—\$5.00 to W. F. Newcomb, Nova Scotia, who, besides the prize, earns \$10.79 as commission, making \$15.79 profit on his week's work. Mr. Newcomb carried off the first prize in the first week's competition.

Full particulars of the competition will be sent on application.

How Nora Crena Saved Her Own.

(L. T. Meade, in the 'Sunday Magazine'.)

CHAPTER I.

The hour was evening, and there was a storm coming on. A storm meant a great deal when it happened on a dark March night, on the wild, beautiful sea-coast of the south of Ireland. It meant excitement to the half-savage fishing population; and it meant the direst disaster to the brave ships, gallantly ploughing their way towards the shelter of the yet far-distant harbor. The waves had great crests, and broke in splendid foam, not only on the beach, but on the far more dangerous rocks that skirted one side of the shore.

High and perpendicular some of these rocks rose out of the water; sunken and pointed, sharp as knives were others; altogether, scarcely a more alarming coast could be found. And at the time of this story there was no friendly lighthouse to warn ships away from its perils.

The people on this part of the coast were so accustomed to shipwrecks—so accustomed to the cries of drowning men and women—that they made little of it. The women washed the dead, and laid them out for burial—not without interest, it is true, but scarcely with much pity; and the men purchased all they could from the wrecks, be-

fore the revenue officers could have time to claim them.

This night, as I said, was a rough one, and the men sat up in their mud huts and waited. In one cabin, the cabin nearest to the shore, on this night sat round the pleasant-smelling turf fire, two men, a woman, and a child. The men smoked short pipes, the woman watched the boiling of some potatoes; the child sat and stared straight before her. The men looked very dirty and sullen, the woman had a rather troubled and worn expression; but a shadow of either care or sullenness sat on the round face of the child; and the child was lovely. Her long black lashes curled upward; her blue eyes laughed, and no lilies or roses could be whiter and pinker than her dazzling complexion. She was but the type of many such children around, for these south-coast folks are a handsome race. She sat close to the blazing fire, with the most unconcerned expression possible, now and then watching the pot which held the potatoes, now and then yawning, but refusing all efforts on her mother's part to induce her to go and lie down.

Suddenly, just as the potatoes had boiled and the woman had taken them off the fire preparatory to straining them, the signal they were all waiting for came—the solemn sound above the storm of a gun. The booming sound came at intervals, then died away.

'Marciful Vargin!' exclaimed one of the men; 'she must be close, from that.'

(To be continued.)



HAPPY NEW YEAR

Happy New Year, my children dear!

Happy New Year to all!

May this year be gay, may you laugh

[and play

And never be cross at all.

Are You A Sunbeam?

If I were a sunbeam,

I know where I would go,
Into the darkest places,

All filled with want and woe;
Until sad hearts looked upwards,
I there would brightly shine,
Shine till they thought of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,

O child whose life is glad,
With tender word of promise
That sunshine never had?
As the Lord hath blest thee

Oh, scatter rays divine,
For there can be no sunbeam
But must die or shine!
—'League Journal.'

The Weeds That Bothered Dora.

(By Linnie Hawley Drake, in the
'Journal and Messenger'.)

'I don't see who plants 'em, any-
way!' exclaimed my little neighbor.
She was such a little neighbor that

she had squeezed herself through
the fence where a picket was broken
out.

'Did you do it?' she asked, re-
proachfully, and I came around to
her side of the bed.

'Plant the weeds? Oh, certainly;
not; they never need planting.'

'But how does they come, then?'

'Very much like the bad thoughts
and ways that come into our hearts
—just spring right up and grow and
grow and grow—if we don't pull
them up, until all the dear little
lovable flowers are quite choked
out.'

'Has I any in my heart?'

She had quite left off tugging at
those in the ground, and the big
blue eyes looked straight into mine.

'Let us see! You shall find out
for yourself. If truth is a beautiful
little flower, what would a false-
hood be?'

'Tellin' stories—lies? Why—
I 'spect they's weeds'—

'Yes, indeed, and terrible weeds
they are. Now, did Dora or Jack
break the vase yesterday? You
know you told mamma it was Jack.'

Dora hung her head.

'And bad temper is another—a
real nettly one. You know how
those little sharp things hurt you
when you pull them up. When
one is angry, they prick everybody
that touches them—themselves
most of all. If we don't get this
weed out when its little, by and by
we grow to be a garden so full of
thistles we sting everybody.'

'Is kickin' the door, an' screamin',
an' slappin' back, weeds—prickles?'

'Would you call them pretty
flowers?'

'No, I wouldn't. I guess I's
mostly all weeds!' This with a
most profound sigh.

'That's what I thought of this
bed when I came out an hour ago;
but you see how many dear little
plants we've found.'

'Yes, isn't 'em sweet! We won't
let the horrid old weeds sting you
to deff' (caressing them). 'An'
I'm going' to get 'em out o' here
too. If I don't tell stories; nor
slap Jack; an' mind mamma quick
—an'—an'—be pleasant when I
don't want to be, will they go
away?'

I assured her of this, and it was
several days before I thought again
of the lesson of the weeds, until the
sequel came out in a remark from
her much-perplexed mother:

'I never saw Dora so good and
sweet-tempered as she has been for
a week past. Really, I thought she
was ill; but she rambled on con-
tinually to herself, her dollies, to
Jack, of weeds, weeds, weeds. Jack
seemed to understand; but to me
she would make no other reply
than, "Oh, it's somefing—I know."'

'I laughed.

'But wait,' she said. 'Yesterday
morning the old naughty Dora came
back—she scolded, she stormed, she
found fault with her breakfast, and
at last I found her shaking Jack
like a little fury in the playroom.
"I'm trying to get the weeds out of
him," she shrieked; "he won't do it
himself, the bad boy!" What am I
to do with her?'

I felt a little puzzled myself.

Had I done wrong? Was she too little to have been talked to thus? Yet how quickly had she applied the lesson. This I told the mother:

'Let her come over to me to-morrow; I shall again be at work. Maybe I can help her if her little brain is a bit snarly.'

She didn't look at all snarly as she slipped through the narrow opening as sweet, sunny and smiling as the morning itself.

'I'm transplanting. Did you bring your biggest basket?'

"Trans-planting!" she repeated, questioningly.

'That sounds like a long, hard word, doesn't it; but it isn't. You'll remember it. You know what planting is. Well, "trans" means "over," "across," "from one place to another." Now, I'm going to transplant these pansies across, or over, or through that fence into your little garden.'

A rapturous 'Oh!'

'You see what strong plants they've grown since we cleared away the weeds that day. How about the weeds in the little girl's heart; are they quite gone, too?'

'Some of 'em is; but that old temper weed—he dust-won't-get-out.'

'I think you'll have to pray about that. Tell Jesus what a time you are having with that old temper-weed. Ask him to let love shine all through your heart. Oh, how the flowers will bloom there. Why, there won't be any room for temper-weeds. But how about Jack?'

'Dear me! He's dust as bad; he don't care one weentsy speck 'bout weeds!'

'You might do a little transplanting.'

'Well, how could I?'

'When he's very, very cross you might be very, very kind. Do you think he would be cross long?'

'No-o.'

'So you see you would be putting in brother's little heart-garden sweet flowers—gentleness and patience. When he doesn't obey, let him see how quickly Dora does. Try if he doesn't, too, next time.'

'Is 'bey a flower?'

'Obedience! Yes, if we are God's children—big or little—we must have that flower in our hearts—love

and obey God; love and obey your parents. Here's your basket now, dear. Put the plants in the ground very carefully—just as you must in Jack's heart. See, dear, the pansies are already in bud. We might call them gentleness—their little faces look up so tenderly into ours.'

'Yes, let's do. Then I'll 'member to be gentleness in my heart.'

'These geraniums put into the sunniest spot.'

'What'll we call the g'aniums?'

'You say what they shall be.'

'Be kindness—that'll do—be kindness. Then p'raps I won't slap Jack when he pinches Marie Antoinette.'

'And the verbenas?'

'Zervenias—trust and 'bey. Then I think 'bout mindin' straight off—quick. Is "trust" same as "love"?''

'Not exactly, but we usually trust those whom we love; and we certainly do those whom we obey.'

'What'll I do 'bout not tellin' stories?'

'Will these Marguerites do? Truth is white, you know.'

'An' stories isn't, is they? My, what a lot I'll have in my bed, an' if Master Jack-boy pulls 'em up, I'll—why, I can't now, can I? I'll dust have to talk to "be kindness" till I don't want to do nuffin' bad to him, an' then I'll say, "Please, Jack, don't."'

I peeped over the fence a little later. How happy she was—cheeks flushed, eyes shining, little grimy fingers deep in the soft mold. She didn't even look up. But as I closed the garden gate I caught the childish treble—

'For there's no other way

To be happy in Jesus

But to trust and obey.'

Was the parable lost, think you?

A Small, Sweet Way.

There's never a rose in all the world

But makes some green spray sweeter;

There's never a wind in all the sky

But makes some bird wing fleeter;

There's never a star but brings to heaven

Some silver radiance tender,

And never a rosy cloud but helps

To crown the sunset splendor;

No robin but may thrill some heart'

His dawn-light gladness voicing.

God gives us all some small, sweet way

To set the world rejoicing.

—Selected

A Bit of Christmas Folly.

(By Ada Carleton, in 'Youth's Companion.')

(Concluded.)

So would almost anybody with eyes. The back yard seemed almost alive with them, big cats and little cats, of every color under the sun. There were a baker's dozen at least. And right in the middle of the yard, fastened so firmly that no amount of pulling could tip it over, was a little tree not more than three feet high, but hung with everything that cats like best to eat, except cream.

'Uncle Van thought of the tree,' cried Molly, dancing for joy. 'Wasn't he splendid? He said it would be better than a dinner, because the things would last longer if they were tied on. Such starved pussies can't be expected to be polite, you know. The bones have got lots of meat on them, chicken and all kinds; Uncle Van got them at a restaurant. And we've got enough to fill the tree up again, so we're going to let it be all day. Isn't it fun?'

It certainly was. Even the cats seemed to enjoy the sport, and one big black and white fellow looked as though he were laughing. At first they didn't quite know what to make of it, and walked around or sat down at a safe distance, sniffing the air; but after a minute there was no hanging back, they helped themselves, every one. And the cats kept coming, too, more and more.

'How do you suppose cat news travels so fast?' asked Molly, bubbling over with glee.

'By the air-line,' laughed Uncle Van; 'and they hear it with their noses.'

'Such folly!' said Aunt Julia, laughing too, in spite of herself.

But nobody agreed with her. By and by, when they were quite alone, mamma took her little daughter's face between her hands, and stooped to drop a kiss on Molly's forehead.

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all,'

she quoted, softly. Which meant a great deal to Molly.



Will It Pay?

Out from the hearthstone the children go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as snow;
A licensed wrong on the crowded street
Waits the coming of guileless feet;
Child of the rich and child of the poor
Pass to their wreck through the dram-shop's
door;
Oh, say, will they ever come back as they go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as snow?

Out from the hearthstone the children fair,
Pass from the breath of a mother's prayer;
Shall a father's vote on the crowded street
Consent to the snare for the thoughtless feet;

Ah, father, your finest gold grows dim,
Black with the rust of such shameless sin!
You may pave the steets with your children
slain,
But say, will your dearest come back as they
go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as snow.
—Mary T. Lathrap, in the White Ribbon
Hymnal.

Better Than Wine.

A young lad was knocked down by a wagon in a Boston street and taken to a hospital. One morning the doctor examined him and said: 'Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily,' and looking kindly at the lad, he said: 'You will get on very well, my boy.' The young patient looked up and replied: 'Please, sir, don't order me the wine.' 'Why not, my boy?' 'If you please, sir, I belong to a Band of Hope.' 'Oh!' answered he, 'do you? Well, nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef-tea as he likes;' and laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, 'You will get on very well, my lad.' And he did get quite well without the wine.—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Saloons Must Go.

Hark to the tread of many feet
From home and school, from farm and street;
They talk like men, their words we know,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!

For God we lift our flag of white,
His name is on our banner bright,
His law of purity doth show:
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!

Let boys and girls together aim,
And with united voice exclaim
For home we fight the common foe,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!

Thy kingdom come, O Saviour great!
In hearts and homes, in church and state;
But when it comes, full well we know:
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!

O God, our Father, from above,
We ask Thy mercy and Thy love,
That all mankind may feel and know:
Saloons must go, must go, must go!

For home's sweet sake we march along,
With mother love our hearts are strong,
And we shall conquer, for we know:
Saloons must go, must go, must go!

For native land our drums we beat,
Quick time we mark with busy feet;
Dear Canada, soon may you show:
Saloons must go, must go, must go!

Beer as a Cause of Cancer.

A year or two ago we were in the throes of an arsenic poisoning epidemic, caused through beer-drinking, to which many deaths were traced, and it made quite a sensation at the time (observes a contemporary). Now the beer-drinker is faced with another terrible consequence of his indulgence—to wit, can-

cer. According to a Dr. A. Wolff, it is in the beer-drinking districts where a high cancer mortality obtains, and he quotes as an instance Bavaria in Germany and Salsburg in Austria, both great beer-drinking districts, and both high in cancer mortality. 'At any rate, here is another argument for the teetotallers, which we suspect they will not be slow to avail themselves of.' It seems to us that the argument is for beer-drinkers more than anyone else, and it can surely be doing them no bad turn to let them hear of such a terrible possibility of their indulgence.—'Temperance League Journal.'

Self is the only prison that can ever blind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.
—Henry Van Dyke.

The Golden Goblet: a Christmas Story.

(Maggie Fearn, in 'Alliance News.')

High in a marble alcove of the great banquet hall of Baldrick Castle stood a Golden Goblet. It had been a challenge cup won in brave and honorable competition in the chase, and was an heirloom in the Baldrick family. The Baldrick crest, emblazoned with jewels, was borne proudly on its glittering side; and the heir of the Baldrick title and estates was heir also to the family relic. There hovered the enchantment of a legend about its antiquity, and on Christmas eve it was whispered from ear to ear in the banquet hall, or recounted by the lord of the ancient castle, while bright eyes, brilliant with youth and beauty, would grow more tender in their lustre as they rested upon its shapely splendor.

And this is the legend of the Golden Goblet: Stately in its ancient order stood the grey stone walls of ivied Baldrick Castle, a landmark for the country around as much as its glory and pride. Frank and open-handed as a friend, it fronted the world, hostile and iron-gauntleted it met the foe. Who that knew Baldrick Castle but knew also its generous and lordly hospitality? No stranger but was made welcome within its abundant shelter, and the flowing bowl of old brown ale and the huge sirloin of famous roast beef were ready in prodigal abundance, for wayside traveller and footsore friar, whenever either might challenge the warder at the massive portal for entrance and refreshment.

Of all the heirs of the Baldrick line none had been more popular or more famed for honor and bravery than a certain Lord Roderick, who was also a favorite at Court. Skilful alike in the tournament and in the chase, knights and maidens watched with secret admiration his splendid achievements, and envied his preference; and loud were the shrill blasts of the heralds when the Lord Roderick entered the field. It was under the battery of such fire as shafts from a thousand pairs of flashing eyes that Lord Roderick one day took his place in the brilliant tournament with a lady's colors flying from his plumed helmet, and the world of beauty and fashion knew by that magical sign that the Lady Elvira would be the fated mistress of fair Baldrick Castle. She, the 'daughter of a hundred earls,' might well be worthy to be the mother of a hundred more. For while he was 'bravest of the brave' was she not 'fairest of the fair?'

The Christmas festivities were of royal splendor that year. The castle was filled with guests, and the sounds of music and mirth fell with tuneful gaiety upon the air. All was en fete to give fit reception to so signal an event as the marriage of the lord of the castle with the fair Court favorite.

On Christmas eve the Lady Elvira stood in an oriel window of the great gallery which overlooked the banquet hall. The Christmas snow lay crisp and white, and glittering in the moat, on the stone coping of the bridge, and on wold and moorland beyond. Lord Baldrick, with a goodly train of retainers and of knights, was far afield, heated in the chase, and his lady watched with listless gaze the few variations to be marked on the lovely landscape. She was weary of fingering her harp, she had grown tired of the songs and lays of the grey-haired minstrel, she had put

aside her tapestry frame with an impatient hand. There was yet a long tedious hour before her tiring woman would summon her to prepare for the great banquet, and the time hung heavy on her heart and thoughts.

She turned wearily from the deep window, and leaning over the oaken balustrade, black with age, looked down into the great hall below. It was a right goodly sight. The shining of the scarlet holly berries from their wreaths of glossy green leaves, the mystic mistletoe boughs that hung from the old oak walls, the gleam of spear, and bayonet, and javelin, and the jewelled hilts of swords, which had clashed and won their honors upon long-contested fields. Beneath, the huge tables groaned under the grouping of dishes and of tankards, and silver adornments, as they were being made ready for the great Christmas banquet.

Before the seat of honor, and on the right hand of the lord of the castle, was something which for splendor far outshone all the rest of the table display. It stood on a cloth of crimson and gold, and was elevated that its beauty and fine proportions might the better meet the gaze of the hundred guests who would grace the board with their presence. Curiosity prompted the Lady Elvira's eye to rest more intently upon this conspicuous object, and with an imperious gesture she summoned one of the old family retainers to explain its use and meaning.

'It is the great heirloom of the Baldrick family, fair mistress,' said the ancient dame. 'It is the Golden Goblet, which Lord Egbert, sixth lord of the castle, won in brave and honorable contest in the chase, under fearful risk and against terrible odds. It is recorded in the Baldrick annals. Let the chronicle be brought,' and she moved a few hasty steps, intent on her errand. But the lady stopped her.

'I do not want the chronicle brought me now. I will see it some other time, good Aileen. But tell me why the Goblet is placed on the banquet table to-night, and what signifies its presence there. I fain would understand this custom, if so be it is one which my lord prizes.'

'Ay, and prize it he does, fair lady; as much, maybe, as the Golden Goblet itself. It is the custom of the house that it should grace the Christmas banquet; but only the once in the year is it ever placed on the banquet board, or raised to the lips of lord or retainer.'

'But why must the Goblet be on the board at the Christmas banquet?' asked the Lady Elvira, with a little sharpened ring in her musical voice.

'Because upon Christmas eve, fair mistress, the Lord Egbert brought home the great gold cup, and to honor his memory, and to celebrate his prowess, the lords of the castle fill the Goblet on Christmas Eve, and pass it round as a wishing cup that all may drink; and it is looked upon as an omen of a prosperous New Year if all goes well when the custom is observed. When the feasting is at its height, to-night, and the mirth and the jesting run high, then will the Lord Roderick fill the Golden Goblet to drink weal to the house of Baldrick.'

The Lady Elvira was bending over the oaken balustrade, so far that the shadow of her long ringlets quivered on the floor of the banquet hall below. Her white slim hands grasped the blackened carving with a peculiar intensity, and her cheeks were as colorless as the Christmas snow that lay on the far-spreading worlds without.

'Who but the Lord Roderick will drink from the Golden Goblet?' cried she, not moving her eyes from its gemmed and armorialled beauty.

'All will drink, fair lady, from the lord to the humblest retainer in the castle hall. Those who drink not would be numbered with the enemies of the House of Baldrick. But there would be none who would dare refuse the Goblet which my lord will give to each with his own hand,' added the ancient dame hastily. The Lady Elvira stood erect, and swept back from her cheek the long rich curls which adorned her shapely head.

'And what would my lord say should one refuse the cup?' she asked.

(To be continued.)

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LESSON II.—JANUARY 8.

The Witness of John The Baptist to Jesus.

John i., 19-34.

Golden Text.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John i., 29.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 2.—John i., 19-34.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—John iii., 22-36.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—Mal. iii., 1-3; iv., 5, 6.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—Is. xl., 1-11.

Friday, Jan. 6.—Matt. xi., 1-15.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—Matt. xiv., 1-14.

Sunday, Jan. 8.—Rev. v., 1-14.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

The present lesson is a continuation of the last. It might be cited as an example of the law of recurrence, for John has already spoken of the witness of John the Baptist to Christ, and now he gives it more in detail.

John the Baptist was six months older than Jesus, of whom he was a relative. He spent the early part of his life in retirement in the wilderness, doubtless in preparation for his mission as the forerunner of Christ. Then suddenly he appeared calling the people to repentance, baptizing them, and announcing the Messiah.

Now Malachi had prophesied that Elijah the prophet should come before the great and dreadful day of the Lord. Hence when John the Baptist came calling upon the people to repent, for the kingdom of Heaven was at hand, some were inclined to think that this was the Messiah, others that he was Elijah. This was the occasion for the inquiry with which our lesson opens.

John preached in the Wilderness of Judea, in the region west of the lower Jordan and the Dead Sea.

WHAT JOHN WAS NOT.

19. 'And this is the record of John, when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou?

20. 'And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ.

21. 'And they asked him, What then? Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet? And he answered, No.'

The preaching of John the Baptist caused no small stir in the country. Matthew tells us that the people came to him from Jerusalem, all Judea, and the region of the Jordan. For centuries the Jews had possessed prophecies of a coming Messiah, and at this very time Jewish patriots were longing for a deliverer to come, who might throw off the Roman yoke. It was a time of expectancy and anxiety. Suddenly there appears this strange and forcible preacher in the wilderness.

Could he be the Messiah? The Jews sent to inquire, 'Who art thou?' Then John answered directly, as though fully realizing the full meaning of their question, 'I am not the Christ.' Had he been an impostor, he could doubtless have had a great following at once by proclaiming himself the Messiah.

Then they inquired if he were Elias, that is, Elijah, foretold in Malachi. But this John denied. This may seem confusing in view of Christ's statement in Matthew xi., 14. But Christ refers to John as the figurative Elijah, while John seems to have realized that the people thought he might be literally Elijah returned in the flesh. Besides, this was not the coming of Elijah before the great and terrible day of the Lord, for that day is yet to be.

'Art thou that prophet?' refers to Deuteronomy xviii., 15. Moses was referring to the Christ as the great prophet whom God was to

raise up, and hence, when asked if he were this prophet, John promptly answered that he was not.

THE VOICE OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

22. 'Then said they unto him, Who art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?

23. 'He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

24. 'And they which were sent were of the Pharisees.'

John's answers to the questions asked by the messengers from the Pharisees are very direct and clear. He does not mystify them by answers in doubtful or vague terms, but says plainly that he is not such or such a one. Then plainly they ask, Who art thou? And John says, 'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' etc., quoting the words of Isaiah xl. This was a prophecy familiar to them, and John presents himself as fulfilling it, being thus not the Messiah, but his forerunner. It was a custom in the East to have the road put in good order when the king was to pass over it, hence the occasion for one to go before to proclaim his coming.

John was calling men to repentance, to heart searching, to expectancy, that they might have their minds prepared to receive the Lord whose ministry was soon to open.

WHY DID JOHN BAPTIZE?

25. 'And they asked him, and said unto him, Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?

26. 'John answered them, saying, I baptize with water; but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not;

27. 'He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.

28. 'These things were done in Bethabara beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing.

29. 'The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

30. 'This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me: for he was before me.

31. 'And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water.'

If John was not Christ himself, nor Elijah, nor 'that prophet' the question arose, Why did he baptize with water, that is with the symbol of purification, indicating the repentance of the person baptized, for we are told that he baptized them 'in water unto repentance.' In this way he was specially preparing the way for Christ, calling upon men to repent, that their hearts might be more ready to receive him.

But though John was performing this ceremony, he called their attention from it to Christ himself, as one standing among them. These words are understood as spoken after the baptism of Christ, and John calls attention to the fact that there is one among them who is far above him, whose shoe he is unworthy to loosen. The next day he sees Jesus coming to him, and openly announces him as the 'Lamb of God,' using the figure of the sacrifice so familiar to the Jew as connected with atonement. He recalls his words of the day before and declares that this is the one to whom he referred.

Even he did not at first know Christ, but he knew that he should be made manifest to Israel, and therefore he was preparing the way for him.

JESUS REVEALED TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

32. 'And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him.

33. 'And I knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.

34. 'And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God.'

Having explained that he, being the forerunner of Christ, and knowing that he was to be revealed, was baptizing men unto repentance, in preparation for this great event, John the Baptist now explains how Christ was revealed to him.

This experience was similar to that of Chris-

tians generally. At first he simply believed and obeyed, not having seen nor known Christ; then the Spirit showed Christ to him, that he might know him and commune with him; then he bore his testimony that this was the Son of God. The Christian life is a growth. At first we have simply faith and obedience, then comes a more perfect knowledge, and with that the ability to witness to the truth as we have known it. The Holy Spirit shows Christ to men still, fixing their attention upon him and calling upon them to believe and follow him. It remains for them to heed the gracious invitation.

Notice how John, the writer of this Gospel, takes such great pains to present Christ as the Son of God. He is most careful to make the fact prominent in the 34 verses we have been studying. In this lesson he takes up in detail the testimony of the appointment of forerunner of the Saviour, showing how he came to bare record as he did.

The lesson for January 15 is 'Jesus Wins His First Disciples.' John i., 35-51.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 8.—Topic—The making of a Christian: his birth. John iii., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE FIRST TWO COMMANDMENTS.

Monday, Jan. 2.—'The Lord thy God.' Deut. vi., 13, 14.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—'They rejected his statutes.' II. Kings xvii., 15, 16.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—'Ye have not hearkened.' Jer. xxv., 4-7.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—'How shall they hear?' Rom. x., 14.

Friday, Jan. 6.—'Ye ignorantly worship.' Acts xvii., 22-30.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—The greatest commandment. Matt. xxii., 37, 38.

Sunday, Jan. 8.—Topic—Two commandments and people who disobey them. Ex. xx., 1-6. (Missionary Meeting.)

Faithful Unto Death.

A worker in a sailor's mission recently related this story of heroism. One winter night a fireman on one of the ocean steamers stumbled in the darkness down into an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg, and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him, when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

'Be quiet, boys,' said one of the men; 'maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home.'

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain. 'Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!' he whispered.

What a splendid illustration of fidelity and courage! It was the same sort of fidelity that inspired John the Baptist, in the face of every opposition and danger, to loyally prepare the way for Jesus, and is a good story to suggest to each one of us the fidelity with which we should open the way for Christ into the hearts of our friends and neighbors.—'Christian Age.'

Rebuking Sin.

A story is told of one of our bishops who was induced as a young man to lead a changed life by an incident in a railway train. He, with other friends from the university, was making fun of religion, when an elderly gentleman interposed and protested against the Saviour being spoken of in such a light manner. The rebuke touched the heart of at least one of the young men, and he began forthwith to lead a new life. After study he entered the church, and rose to be a bishop and a leader of religion in this country. God desires that we should bear testimony against evil when we see it, and the rebuke may lead the evil-doer to a change of life. Even if we fail, as John the Baptist, we shall at least know that we have done our duty, and our Heaven Father will reward us accordingly.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Correspondence

Katrine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' so much, I thought I would write a letter. My mother used to take it when she was a little girl, and she reads it yet. My father keeps a grocery shop, and for pets we have a lamb, a rabbit, and a cat. The rabbit is very pretty, and so are the other two animals. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and I have a good superintendent. I go to school nearly every day. I sit with a girl named Pearl B. I have a nice teacher, Miss J. I am in the junior fourth class. I am learning to skate.

ETHEL R.

Keady.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the senior second reader. I like our teacher. I have not far to go to school. I live in a village. I have two sisters and one brother. My father keeps a store. We keep a cow and a horse. My brother goes to school, and is in the senior third. We are going to have a little entertainment the last day of school. I am in the singing, and I have to give a recitation as well.

MARY E. G.

Ellyville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Well, as I have written a letter once before, and saw it in print, I am afraid to try another. I received my Bible, and I think it is a lovely prize for so little work. I never owned a Bible of my own. I always used my father's or mother's. I go to school now, but I have been absent since June until about the last of October. But I go now nearly all the time. My brother goes with me. Since I last wrote I have a new sister. I now have two sisters and two brothers.

FERNIE F. (aged 13).

Montreal, Can.

Dear Editor,—I like the Correspondence the best of the paper, and am going to write to it. I have not been in Canada very long, because I was born in Africa. I was nine years old when I came here, and thought it looked very queer to see so many white people after seeing so many black ones. We caught a glimpse of the Canary Islands. We stopped at the Cape Verde Islands. There we saw men and young boys diving in the water to get money that people threw down from the top of the ship. It's a very wonderful thing to see them dive. At another island called St. Thomas, where it was much hotter, we saw some sharks. The water was so clear that we could see everything plainly. My little brother thought he could catch a shark with a pin turned up at the end and a string to it, with a piece of bread on the end of it. The captain said that if ever anyone was to fall in it would be no use to try to save them, because the sharks would devour them before they could reach them.

ELIZABETH W. R.

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I go to school. We had an examination in arithmetic. I came out third. I am in Cornwall now. I have been to three places this year, and have had a good time. My name has been on the Honor Roll. I have been studying for the League of Kindness.

MARGARET H. P.

Coningsby, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and am in the fourth book. I go to school every day. We learn to sew at school. We are making a needle-book now. The boys have to sew, too, and it is great fun. I have made three quilts. I had a quilting on my birthday, when I was five years old. I made a sofa cushion, last winter, when it was so stormy. I live on a farm, and can milk one cow. We have a mile to go to school.

ANNIE B.

Eugene, Oregon.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and am in the third grade. I used to live in Canada, and I liked it very much there. I was born in a log cabin. After that we came to California, and lived near Fresno, and we stayed there about two years. Then we came to Eureka, Humboldt County, and stayed there about a year. I lived about twelve miles from Arcata. It was very pretty to see the ships

come over the bar. Then we got two horses and a waggon and came up to Oregon. This is where we are living now. I am nine years of age. I have a little sister four years old, and her name is Elma. We have a big garden, and my mother and I hoe it. I am school artist. I have taken the 'Messenger' for five years. For pets I have a dog and canary. My dog's name is Minto, and I call my canary Charley. I am very fond of drawing. I will write again.

L. M. S.

Milberta, New Ontario.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from New Ontario, so I thought I would write. I came up here a year ago last May. There is rock all around our house, and in summer I have a playhouse on it. We have taken the 'Messenger' for over twenty years, and we all like it. We live in a place called Highland. There is a church and a sawmill and several other houses in it. The parsonage is built here also, where our minister, Mr. F., lives. We have Sunday-school every Sunday morning. We have the railway within four miles and a half of us now. We can hear it whistle. We have no school now, for we have no teacher. I have two miles to walk to school. I am in the fourth book. We are practising for our Christmas entertainment now. I am eleven years old. I have a kitten and I call her Laura.

VERA J. H.

Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time—so long that I cannot remember how long it is. I live on a farm of three hundred and twenty acres. We have a village three and a half miles away. I went to the Moose Mountains, fifty miles west of here, and caught four hundred and fifty fish. I had a fine time at the lake.

F. PETERS.

Nictaux West.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Baptist Sunday-school every Sunday that it is pleasant. I get the 'Messenger' there. I like to read the correspondence page the best. I live on a large farm in the Annapolis valley. I am nine years old. I am four feet nine inches, and weigh over ninety pounds. I go to Middleton Consolidated school, and I am in the fifth grade. I study geography, health-reader, reading, drawing, writing, arithmetic and spelling. Our domestic science teacher teaches us to wash and iron. I have one brother and three sisters, all younger than I am. My brother's name is Guilford, and my sisters' are Laura, Marion and Grace.

MARIE S.

Forest River, North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in the beautiful little town of Forest River, in North Dakota. Most people think this is a cold place, but we have had no cold weather till December this year; before that it was just lovely and fine. I go to school, and am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss W., and she is very nice. There are two other teachers in our school. I am nine years old. I have one sister, and she is four years old. Her name is Florie Muriel. She is a great girl to speak pieces, and has been ever since she was two. I expect to get a Shetland pony for Christmas. If you see old Santa Claus, please tell him. This is a great wheat country, and there are four elevators in the town. My father runs one of them. There are surveyors in town surveying for a new railway. It is the Soo, and we expect it will go through in the spring. We go to the Presbyterian Church. We think the 'Messenger' just fine.

HAROLD W.

The Value of the Missionary Baby.

Speaking of the children of missionaries, the 'Regions Beyond' says: 'The missionary baby is not a superfluous luxury; he is an integral, and often a very important, factor in the work of his parents, indeed, he might be more appropriately called the baby missionary. The mother of two little girls in the home writes from the Congo, of a colleague's child: "His little life has been a great blessing here." Again from Peru, a worker writes: "There is no doubt that they open many hearts; their bright complexions, blue eyes, golden hair, and clean frocks and pinafores, all appeal to these people, and more than one fanatical woman has been won to us by their means." In China,

too, during the present persecutions, the missionaries' children were in many cases their protection. One who was attacked by the Boxers, and just about to be beheaded, tells how the executioner's hand dropped and his heart failed him when he saw the foreigner's little children looking on. "I cannot kill you devils," he said. The wild beast was awed into harmlessness. Truly "a little child shall lead them."'

Guilt and Innocence.

(E. G. Stuart, in the 'Waif.')

So you want a story, Bertie? Well, it's grow-dusk, 'tis true—
Time to put away my brushes and attend, I know, to you.
Let me see, I think I'll tell you such a strange, true tale I read
In a book I found last evening, after you had gone to bed.
Long ago there lived a painter (nay, I know not when or where),
And he chose a bonnie laddie, much like you, with curling hair,
As a model for a picture, which he gave this pretty name,
'Innocence;' and this same picture brought him honor, wealth and fame.
Growing old, one day the painter, looking at his picture said,
'I must paint it a companion.' So the painter visited
Those who for their evil doings in the city's prison lay—
For he meant to call the picture 'Guilt,' he said. And there, one day,
Amid the lowest and the vilest, to that gloomy prison brought,
Sullen, hardened, he discovered such a model as he sought.
Then a strange thing happened. Speaking of his past the painter found
That the man whose evil features from the canvas on him frowned,
Was none other than the laddie he had known in days of yore
With the lovely face, whose portrait he had painted long before.
Ah! my darling, does it grieve you? 'Tis a mournful tale, I know;
But be cheered: it surely follows, if men's sins can change them so,
Good deeds done for love of Jesus, conquests over self and sin,
These for very homely features can a wondrous beauty win.
What men are their faces tell us, and however fair their race,
None have e'er surpassed in beauty one who bears a Christ-like face.
Child, live nobly, live for others, loving eyes will shine for aye,
Kindly lips smile on in heaven, ne'er to fade or pass away.

'The Buttered Side'

'He said that it was just his luck,' said the little dressmaker. He says his bread always drops on the buttered side. But I've noticed,' she added, reflectively, 'that a good many folks don't know which side of their bread is buttered or can't be made to own that it has any butter on it till it does fall. The thing they've just lost is always the best thing they had, and there's always peculiar circumstances that make it the hardest kind of luck to lose it just at that time.'

'I saw a drunken man fall from a raft into the river one day. He'd have drowned if a bystander hadn't jumped into the water and brought him to land, but he didn't spend any thanks on being saved. With the first words he was able to sputter out he swore at the men round him for not saving his hat, said it was a good one and they'd let it float off with their carelessness!'

'I don't know as I ought to say that a good deal of our gratitude to Providence is pretty much of that kind, but I declare I've thought of that man many a time. We're all too ready to grumble over what's lost instead of being thankful for what's spared, and I reckon we'd get more out of life if we'd only enjoy our buttered slices while they're in our hands, instead of despising them till they drop.—'Wellspring.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Little Things We Do.

(Mary D. Brine, in the 'Episcopal Recorder'.)

It is not given to us all life's greater things to do,
E'en tho' they be the 'greater things' our efforts keep in view.
But we may do the little things, which help life on its way,
And there are empty spaces which need filling day by day.

God knows the powers we possess are many, or but few,
He only asks that effort in the use of them be true.

The little things, however small, if done in His dear name,
He lays beside the greater things and values just the same.

The little child, with eager heart, plans for its mother's eyes
Some tiny token of its love, some effort to surprise
And please that mother, who, in turn, welcomes the gift and sees
Within the little token just the child's desire to please.

It has a priceless value in the love which did the deed,
And that is all the knowledge that mother's heart doth need.
Just so our heavenly Father all His children's efforts view,
If the greater gifts be welcome, the little ones are, too.

Then let us do them gladly, all the little deeds of love,
And find reward sufficient in the record kept above.

English Twelfth Night Cake.

For a medium sized cake take a pound of fresh sweet butter and beat to a cream, then gradually beat in a pound of powdered sugar; add half a grated nutmeg, half a teaspoonful each of allspice, ginger, mace and cinnamon. Beat vigorously until thoroughly mixed, then add the beaten yolks of five eggs and continue to beat for ten minutes. Stir in a pound of sifted flour and beat to a smooth batter. Prepare two pounds of currants; chop quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, quarter of a pound each of chopped candied orange and of lemon peel and citron; dredge with flour and stir into cake batter with one teaspoonful of some fruit extract. Last of all, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff white froth. Line a round cake tin with buttered paper; fill pan half full and bake in a medium oven about two and one-half hours.

'Only a Thing.'

In a pretty, sunny parlor, modest but tasteful, two women were arranging flowers. One was the hostess, the other a visitor who was helping with the preparations for a tea that afternoon. It was from the visitor's hand that a delicate glass vase slipped and crashed to pieces on the hearth.

'Oh, Ellen, I'm so very sorry!' she exclaimed, in distress. The Venetian glass vase your sister brought from Italy—the very one I can't possibly replace. It's too bad!

'It was pretty, and I'm sorry, of course,' acknowledged Ellen frankly, burrowing promptly in a closet for the dustpan; 'but don't stand there frozen in horror, and your face like a tragic mask. After all, it's only a thing.'

'Only a thing!' echoed the culprit, in a voice of astonishment tinged with indignation. 'Of course it's a thing. Most things are things. But that doesn't prevent their being precious.'

Ellen laughed outright.

'Most things certainly are things,' she admitted, 'and a few things are precious; but even then there's a difference. I forgot that you didn't know the family byword, and could not finish it out for yourself. You see, I was quoting my name-aunt, who was the dearest, coziest, most comfortable, and yet most wide-awake and spirited old lady in the world. She always declared that the richest gain that came to her through age and experience was the perception of relative importance. Life is so much more easy and interesting if we never

let ourselves be troubled about what need not really matter; and compared with people and actions, things, our mere little possessions, are, after all, so trifling. She deemed it disgraceful that anything less than war, earthquake or fire, affecting things, should make us unhappy.'

'When a heart, a promise or a principle is broken,' she used to say, 'that's disaster, and one may grieve; but when a teapot is—a thing is only a thing. Laugh and take a brown pitcher, and the tea will taste just as good.'

'I suppose it would,' agreed Ellen's friend, reflectively, 'if the laugh were genuine, but so many of us couldn't laugh. It's Emerson, isn't it, who says, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind"? Only he should have said woman-kind—it's we housekeepers who are slaves to things.'

'Oh, not all of us,' protested Ellen, cheerfully. 'Suppose you put the pink chrysanthemums in that old Dutch mug and twist the trailing fern round the handle—I'm not sure it isn't going to be prettier than the Venetian vase, after all.'—'Youth's Companion.'

School Savings.

A rapid increase has been noted in the number of school savings banks in the United States. The system was in operation last year in 732 schools of 99 cities in 18 States. The deposits for the year reached a total of \$876,229. Of this sum there was withdrawn \$540,701, leaving a balance on deposit on the first of last January of \$335,528. During the year 300 stations of the Penny Provident Fund in 16 States received deposits amounting to \$94,110, from 79,010 children, but all of this was withdrawn with the exception of \$375. In 22 schools in Dayton, O., there are 316 of these savings banks, each class-room in which savings of the children are collected, constituting a bank. There are 392 in 54 schools of Los Angeles; 250 in 123 schools in Chicago; while in 46 schools in Kansas City there are 219 banks. In 24 schools in Pittsburgh there are 220 banks; and in 17 schools in Long Island City, where the system was first established in March, 1885, there are 210 banks.—'Christian Advocate.'

For to him whose prayer is pure
Every morn is Christmas morn;
In his heart he may be sure
Day by day the Lord is born.

—Thomas Miller.

Uses of Table Oil Cloth.

Considering the trifling outlay to begin with, there is nothing to compare with the table oil-cloth as a labor-saver. To begin with the kitchen: After you have covered your work table with it, line each drawer in the kitchen and pantry. The next day I am sure you will cover your moulding board on both sides. Then get the pretty, scalloped kind, and use instead of paper on your pantry shelves. Oil-cloth will make bibs for the children and aprons to put under their plates. Pink each piece neatly. Put squares of oilcloth under the tablecloth where hot dishes are placed. If you use an oil-heater, have some boards fastened together, cover with dark-colored oil-cloth, and place castors underneath. Some pieces to place under potted plants, when you wish them on mantel, piano or window ledge, are handy to save the wood finish. Oilcloth also makes neat washstand covers and splashers for the servants' or boys' room. It may be used to cover the back stairs, and also makes serviceable work aprons or sleeve-protectors. Instead of taking down your screen doors next fall, get dark-green oilcloth, and tack on the doors over the wire with brass-headed tacks, and you will not be ashamed of your storm-door.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Suggestions.

The best way of preventing chilblains is to clothe the feet and legs in all-wool stockings, and see that you have thick boots or shoes, but if chilblains have come and are not broken ones, then rub them morning and evening with turpentine, and afterwards rub the limb itself with dry, warm flannel.

To tighten cane-seat chairs, turn the chairs bottom upwards and wash the cane work thoroughly with soapy water and a soft cloth. Let them dry in the air, and unless the cane be broken the cane bottoms will be as firm as new, and they will retain their fresh and new

appearance longer than many housewives would expect.

In washing table linen, or any cloth stained with egg, avoid putting it in boiling water, which will set the stain. Put the cloth in cold water, and the stain can be very easily removed. The same rule applies to egg-cups and dishes stained with egg. If they are set with the other china into hot dishwater, the stain will harden, and it requires considerable patience to remove it. Egg stains come out easily in cold water.

Holiday Recipes.

Mince Pie or Christmas Pudding Candy.—This consists of a little of everything in the way of nuts or fruits, chopped very fine and held together by some simple foundation candy. The raw white of an egg, mixed with powdered sugar is suitable for this purpose. The fruits may be candied cherries, plums and pineapple, or seedless raisins and citron, and the flavoring may be a blending of spices similar to those used in mince pies. After the materials are thoroughly mixed pack in a box lined with oiled paper, and leave for a while to ripen, then cut with a sharp knife into cubes the size of caramels.—'Canadian Home Journal.'

Nut Bars.—Peanuts, almonds, English walnuts, or pecans may be used for this candy. Prepare the nuts by removing the inner covering and chopping them. Grease the bottom and sides of a broad, shallow tin pan with fresh butter, and put the nuts into it, spreading them evenly. Put one pound of granulated sugar, with half a teacup of water and a pinch of cream of tartar, into a kettle, and boil until thick, but not too brittle. Pour the syrup over the nuts and set aside to cool. When slightly stiff, mark off into wide bars with a sharp knife, and let stand several days, when it will become soft and delicious.

Fruit Candies.—Take a spoonful of marmalade jam, or stiff fruit jelly and stir into it enough confectioner's sugar to make a stiff dough. Shape them in any desired manner, and roll them in chopped nuts, pistachio nuts very finely minced being perhaps the prettiest, making the candies look very mossy, and the juice of the pistachio contrasting so well with any other colors that may be used.

Coffee.—Coffee still appears to be the favorite beverage for the winter holiday season. For a really nice cup of coffee a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha is excellent. It should be fresh ground, and for a pot of coffee use the proportions of one heaped tablespoon to a cup (half pint) of water. To the ground coffee add the yoke or white of an egg, with a spoonful of water to dilute it; mix thoroughly until all the grains are coated with the egg; then pour in the boiling water, simmer for five minutes; and steep at a temperature just short of simmering for ten minutes more. The coffee is then done. It should be served at once with loaf sugar, and either hot or cold milk or cream. The coffee should be perfectly clear, and of a fine color and flavor. Use in coffee-making either silver, granite ware or earthenware pots—never tin. They should be perfectly clean before using; special attention being given to the spout.—'Canadian Home Journal.'

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New York Fruit Cake.—Beat on pound of butter to a cream, add a pound of light brown sugar and beat up light and creamy; then add well beaten yolks of eight eggs, a pound of sifted flour mixed with half a teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and a small nutmeg grated. Beat well. Add the juice and grated rind of one orange, and one lemon; mix thoroughly, adding beaten whites of the eggs. Prepare a pound of raisins, a pound of sultanas, a pound of currants, and half a pound of citron; mix together. Line two round cake tins with buttered paper, pour in some of the batter, sprinkle in a layer of cake batter, more fruit and so on until the pans are half full. Bake four hours in a moderate oven. When done the crust should be moist and an even coffee brown. These are better if kept a year.

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Would greatly appreciate as a New Year's gift a year's subscription to 'World Wide,' the weekly visits of which would be a constant reminder of the giver throughout the whole year. 'World Wide' is as interesting to the Anglo-Saxon reader on the other side of the world as it is here. The only shade of local color it contains is in the advertising columns—all the rest is of world-wide interest.

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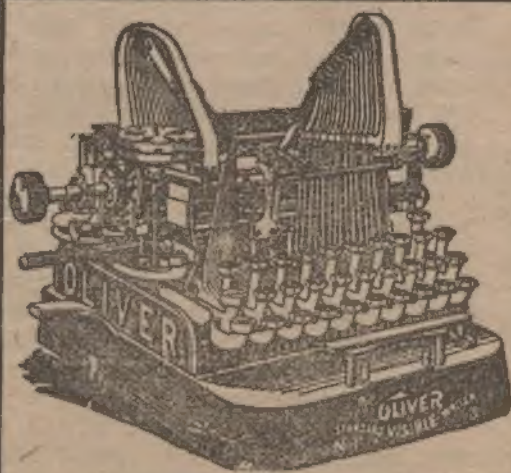
'World Wide' is the only publication that does NOT charge extra postage for any foreign country.

The price of 'World Wide' will be advanced on January 1st to \$1.50. But in the meantime subscriptions for 1905 will be accepted at the rate of one dollar.

The closing weeks of this year, including the Caricature Number, will be included with every 1905 one dollar subscription received before the supply is exhausted.

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THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured

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Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

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TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

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Mention whether Ladies' or Gent's size is desired.

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WATCH, Stem Winding and Set, beautifully finished in 14-k Gold; guarantee sent with every watch. American movement, dust-proof case. Runs 30 to 36 hours with one winding. Has hour, minute and second hands. Fully timed and regulated. Given for the sale of 20 Fast selling articles. You probably know of people who have sold goods to earn a watch, which, when received, was not as promised; but they were forced to keep it. You don't have to keep our watch; if not satisfactory, return it and get \$2.00 all the money paid. We want you to sell our goods. To each one of our agents who sells twenty of our fast-selling articles at ten cents each, we are offering an AMERICAN WATCH in GOLD finished Case. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and is accompanied with our guarantee for 20 years. Think of it—a genuine American Style Movement Watch in Gold Finished Case and Guaranteed for 20 years. Never was such an opportunity offered to any one wishing a first-class, reliable timepiece. These watches are brand new, without a

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TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!



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BABY'S OWN